[fic] The Bird!Castiel fic.

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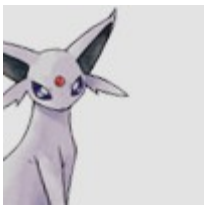

Title: The Bird!Castiel fic.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Pairings/Characters: Dean/Castiel, Sam + Gabriel.
Word Count: 1,696 words.
Summary: In an AU where Dean and Sam haven't met any angels yet, a giant bird decides to use the Impala's roof as a roost.
Note: Written for the Dean/Castiel AU prompt meme for the prompt 'Dean/Cas - wingkink'. I didn't quite make it to the wingkink, but I hope you like it regardless. ^^

Dean had to admit - he liked the thing's wings. But that was the limit of his appreciation for the bird. If it weren't so rare and one of the few non-murderous creatures they ran into, he'd shoot it.

The problem was: the damn giant bird wouldn't get off of his car.

It was leaving these claw marks in the ceiling, and they couldn't drive very fast or it'd start digging in more, and seeing as its beak was the size of Dean's head, they couldn't exactly go 'shoo! fly away!' at it.

It also had these *weird* blue eyes that seemed to stare into Dean's soul, which meant that Dean couldn't even glare at it for long.

Needless to say, they weren't able to travel far at all. Sam had already called Bobby to let him know that they were trapped in Ohio with no chance of escape for at least a few days.

But to digress, Dean liked its wings. They were a bright gold color, with black feathers at the edges, and if Dean didn't know better, he would have said that they sparkled.

But he never used the adjective sparkled, because that wasn't a good word for anything.

Either way, while Sam slept in one day, Dean stepped outside and checked his Impala over. The bird shifted, then, as Dean was bending to pop the hood, it took a small beakful of Dean's hair and tugged, gently.

Dean, and don't you ever repeat this anywhere, squawked. He jerked up, and stared at the bird.

"The *hell*?"

The bird stared back, and Dean had to look away.

There was another gentle tug at his hair. Dean jerked. "Stop that!"

The bird stared back, then spread its wings and carefully walked down the windshield and across the hood to stare at Dean.

Dean was going to kill the bird. Because there were gouges in his windshield now.

But the bird settled into a comfortable perch and stared at Dean.

This time. This time Dean stared back, glaring with the fury of a man whose car had just been harmed.

The bird stared back and they remained locked in a staring contest for about a minute while Dean tried to figure out if he wanted roast bird or boiled bird that night.

Thank you, Dean.

And then there was a voice in his head. Dean jumped and looked around.

"Who said that?" Cliche, Dean knew, but what was he supposed to say? I see you there, random telepath?

I did. I believe you currently see me as a large bird. Thank you for maintaining eye contact for that long.

Dean stared at the bird. "What?"

Dean, I need your help.

"Hell no. You scratched up my car." What? Dean really cared about his car!

The bird looked at the damage it had caused for a moment, and then hopped down to the ground. When it landed, the Impala was as good as new.

Is that better?

Dean looked between the bird and his Impala, and nodded. He'd have to give it a full lookover later, though.

Good. I need your help, Dean. I have been trapped in his form, and without your aid, I will continue to be trapped like this.

Dean rubbed his forehead. Okay. Fine. He could deal with this. "What do you want me to do?"

I need you to come with me. My brother needs to be freed, and the curse will be lifted.

"...let me get Sam."

Approximately thirty minutes later Sam was in the Impala, Dean was driving, and they were following a large bird (*My name is Castiel*, Dean had been told) along the roads.

It wasn't a long ride, barely twenty minutes before Dean was pulling to the side of the road and Castiel had descended to perch on the hood of the Impala again.

"Okay, now what?"

Castiel awkwardly hopped down to the ground and with another *Follow me. It's not far.* he started walking into the woods.

"What'd he say?" Sam asked, joining Dean as they followed Castiel.

"Just to follow him and it's not far. Whatever it is."

My brother. He was chained down. Castiel flicked his tail feathers and looked back at them. *They are not tightly bound, but I cannot move them, and so he is trapped.*

"Right. And you still haven't told us who did this to you."

Castiel resumed walking, silent. Dean frowned. He didn't like the repeated silences from that question, and he didn't like relaying everything to Sam.

"Dean," Sam said.

"Some kind of chains that Cas here can't move without opposable thumbs."

Castiel stopped again, and Dean was looking at two bright blue eyes again. *Cas?*

"It's a nickname, feather brain. I'm not about to say Castiel all the time."

I see. And just as abruptly, those eyes were gone, and Castiel was walking again.

Dean glanced at Sam, and shrugged. It wasn't the weirdest thing the bird had done.

Fortunately, the rest of the walk was completed in silence, and then the forest opened up to a small clearing, where a bird that had to be even larger than Cas was chained down. Castiel promptly shuffled up to the other bird and nudged it, gently.

Whatever conversation they had was silent, and a pair of golden eyes examined both Sam and Dean.

"Uh, hi." Sam said, after a moment, and the bird shifted, watching them.

Dean, please remove the chains. Castiel said, quietly, and Dean nodded.

He approached the other bird, crouching to check out the chains, which were thin silver things, and when Dean got close enough, he saw that there were tiny blue drawings lacing the chains.

"Sam, come look at these." Dean said, trying to place the tiny drawings. "They don't look demonic - "

They aren't. No demon could have wrought this. Castiel said, dryly. *Please move them. My brother is in pain.*

"Right, right...wait, would these do anything to us if we touch 'em?" Dean asked, glancing at Sam as he got his own look at the chains and Cas' brother.

No. They were made to bind my kind, not humans.

"Good to know." Dean said, and began to tug the web of chains off of the bird. There were quite a few of them, but to Dean's surprise not one of the things was bound to any solid surface. It was as easy as pulling the things off, and then Castiel's brother was standing, hopping back and away from them.

Shield your eyes now! A new voice boomed through Dean and Sam's head, and Dean obeyed, flinching at the force behind those words.

Even with covered eyes he knew there was light, and then he heard a snapping sound, and then the light was gone.

"You can look now. We're covered," said the voice, only it wasn't booming through Dean's mind, loud as a trumpet.

When Dean looked, there were two men, brushing themselves off and looking at Sam and Dean.

"You're Castiel," Dean said to the man with the blue eyes, knowing it was right.

"Yes," Castiel said. His voice was rough, but it was the voice Dean had been hearing. "Thank you."

"You're not birds," Sam said, and Dean didn't need to look to see that Sam's brain

had shifted into overtime.

"We're not," said the other man, and as a bird he had been huge, much bigger than Cas, so why was he so *short* now? He had the same piercing eyes, though, and the same voice. "That was just a form we were forced into." He stretched, and at Castiel's look paused. "Oh, right. I'm Gabriel. Thanks."

"Gabriel."

Dean turned to look at Sam, who was looking from the chains that he was still holding to the two once-birds. His eyes were wide.

"As in, *the* Gabriel?" He said, and Dean stopped.

"Wait. What, Sam?" He asked, to be sure Sam was asking the question Dean thought he was asking.

"Guilty," said Gabriel. "What, you didn't tell them?" He elbowed Cas.

"No." Castiel said. "It was not the appropriate time or place to do so."

"Whoah. Woah woah woah. What. Are you guys angels or something?" Dean asked, because *no way*.

"Guilty again - glad to see you've caught up with the class, Dean-o." Gabriel waggled his eyebrows. "We're on a mission from God, and you two kids were close enough to help when we ran into some trouble down here."

"Angels." Sam said. "What mission?"

"No such thing, Sammy. What are you guys, really?" Dean asked, looking from Sam to the two 'angels'.

"Dean," Castiel began, but Gabriel waved a hand and he fell silent.

"First of all, I'm not having this talk here. Second," He pointed at Dean. "You're being stupid. And third, I want something to eat. So! Follow me, bro." And he raised his hand and snapped his fingers, and abruptly the clearing was empty, save for some chains.

A moment passed, and then the blue sigils on the chains glowed faintly and shattered off the chains.

The first thing Dean did when he realized that they were back in the hotel room was dart to the window and look out. The Impala was there, and so he turned around to face everyone else.

"The hell was that?"

"Flight." Gabriel said, shrugging. "Brought your special vehicle with us, to save you the walk."

Dean rubbed his forehead. This was getting ridiculous. Angels. Teleportation. He couldn't deal with this. Not without some co-

"Here, Dean." Castiel said, quietly, holding out a cup of coffee. "I apologize for listening in."

"Er." Dean said, and took the drink. "Thanks?"

Castiel nodded. "Please listen to my brother. This is important."

Dean sighed, but he liked those blue eyes. He liked Cas. "We need to talk later. Alone."

Castiel nodded again, and Dean smiled. That was better. He could put up with Gabriel and the B.S. they were selling for some time alone with those blue eyes.

"Dean," Castiel said, and Dean sighed.

"I'll listen."

"Thank you." Castiel said, and Dean would later swear up and down that he saw amusement in Castiel's eyes.